

# The Tryon Daily Bulletin

(The Smallest Daily Newspaper In The World)

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## Tryon 6 - Hazelwood 5 | London Letter No. 22

Tryon's Industrial league entry opened the season at Tryon Saturday afternoon by scoring a 6 to 5 decision over Hazelwood. Goble, with a triple and a double in four tries, and Ewing, with a homer and single in four efforts, led the winners and losers, respectively, at bat.

Score:  
Hazelwood . . . 000 121 001—5 7 4  
Tryon . . . . .240 000 00x—6 10 6  
Montieth and Clark; Harden,  
Thompson and Capps.

### Mr. Keels Resigns Baptist Pastorate

The Rev. L. J. Keels, pastor of the Tryon and Lynn Baptist churches resigned on Sunday morning to accept the pastorate of the Baptist church of Duncan, S. C. The resignation to be effective the fourth Sunday in May. Mr. and Mrs. Keels have made Tryon their home for about three years and have made many friends who will regret to see them leave.

### Brief Items

Dr. C. Arthur Lincoln has gone to Jacksonville, Fla., where he will preside this week as president of the Southeastern Convention of Congregational-Christian churches.

The Tryon Kiwanis club will not meet Tuesday, but will go to Asheville on Friday for a ladies night program at 7 o'clock. International President A. Copeland Callen will be the chief speaker.

40 Orchard Court, W. L.  
April 8th.

Dear Mr. Vining,

Returning from my travels abroad, I find London concealed beneath a mound of scaffolding. On every building workmen are crawling precariously along window ledges with nails in their mouths and busily erecting stands in the most unlikely places. The first wooden pylons are up in the Parks, patiently waiting to be draped, and all the big shops are crowned with a tangle of woodwork, on which, or in which, they will balance effigies of Their Majesties, the British Empire, the lion and the unicorn, and several million Union Jacks. The Coronation is still too far off for us to be very excited, but there is definitely a little something in the air making us feel more jaunty than usual.

The town is full of strangers, a lot of them looking even stranger than most strangers should. There are Indians, South Africans, a battalion of enormous Australian Soldiers all of six foot high, and, needless to say, Americans. By every boat more people arrive to swell the already intolerable throng in the streets, but somehow, in spite of the impossibility of moving in any desired direction, of being unable to get into any play or cinema, and the organized uglification of London, it is all being great fun.

By May 12th, of course, we may think differently, but I feel that the very fact that Lefty and Nora Flynn will be dancing round Tra-

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